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AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW COMEDY,

CALLED

A DAY IN TURKEY; K

OR,

THE RUSSIAN SLAVES.

By Mrs H. Cowley.

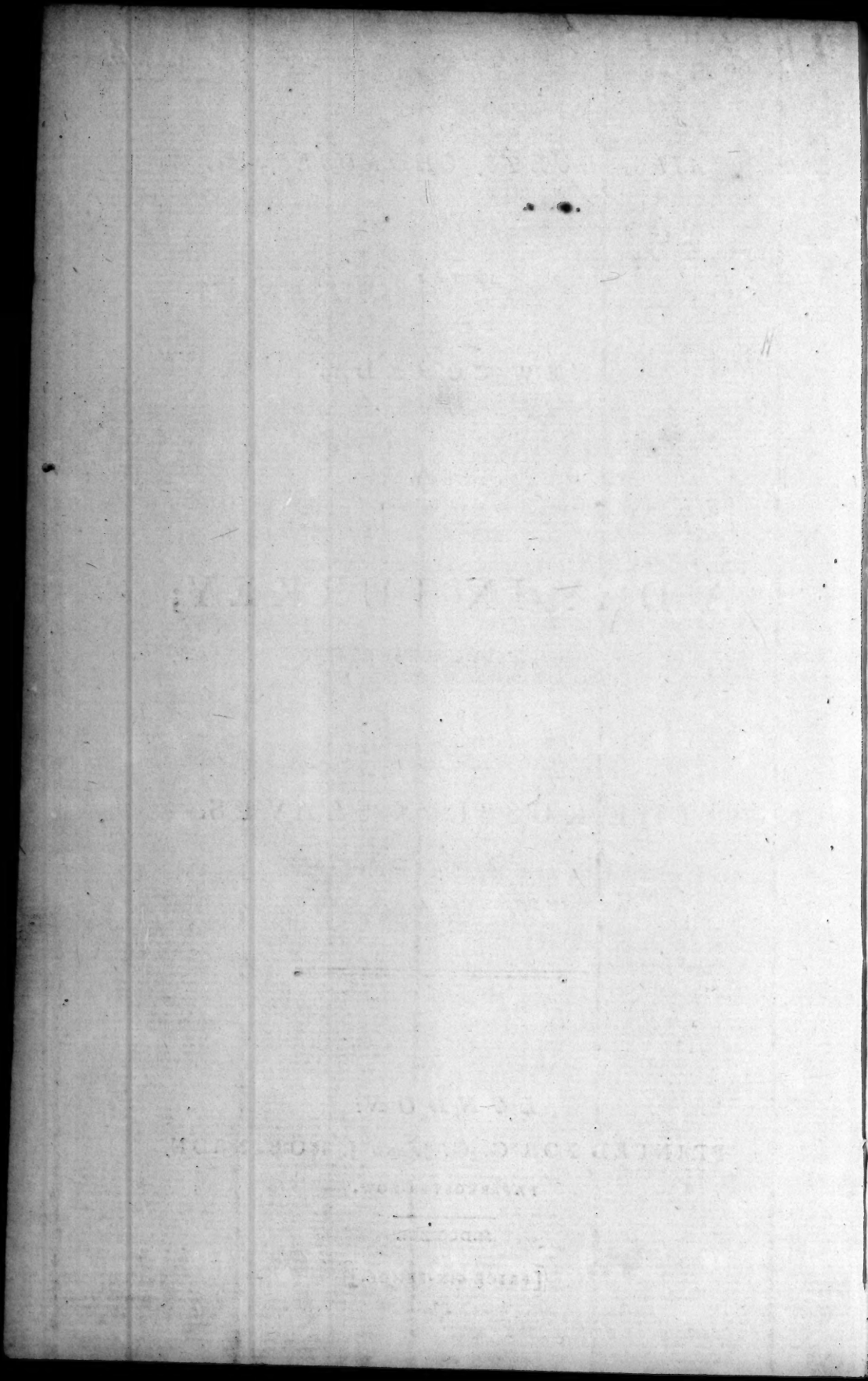
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,

PATERNOSTER-ROW,

M.DCC.XCI.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]



AIRS, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE NEW COMEDY, CALLED

A DAY IN TURKEY.

A C T I.

CHORUS.—MR. INCLEDON, MRS. MARTYR, &c.

I.

HARK! found the trumpet, breathe the
flute,

And touch the soft melodious lute :
To heaven let every grateful sound ascend ;
Thanks for our prince restor'd,
Our lover and our friend.

II.

Victorious hero ! blooming sage !
The scourge and glory of our age ;
Let roseate pleasure round thy footsteps twine,
And lead thee on to joy,
And bless thy valiant line !

III.

Vain breathes the trumpet and the flute,
And lost the soft melodious lute,
When, Ibrahim, thy praise they would display ;
Sunk in the lofty theme,
As twilight yields to day.

A I R.—MR. INCLEDON.

I.

Ah, teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
And harmonize thy rugged mind ;
Ah, teach thy lid soft pity's tear—
That *gem* of sentiment refin'd.

II.

Couldst thou once know the tender bliss
The sympathizing bosom knows,
When, at meek Sorrow's sacred touch,
Responsive sadness round it flows,

III.

No more thy brow would wear that frown,
 Thy glance no more so sternly dart ;
 But joys would glitter in thy eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart.

A C T II.

D U E T.—MR. MUNDEN, MR. INCLEDON.

I.

DEUCE take whining,
Pouting, pining—
What joke 's in all this pother?
If one won't do,
Nor let me woo,
I'd fit me with another.

II.

If blue eyes frown,
I'd turn to brown,
Nor lose an hour in fighting.
Should all the sex
Combine to vex,
They'd ne'er see me a dying !

A I R.

AIR.—MR. INCLEDON.

Omitted in the representation.

I.

The bending willow in the tide
Sees the moon form a softer day ;
And, as the curl'd waves nimbly glide,
Kisses the undulating ray.

II.

At length the mountain's envious swell
Conceals the glorious LAMP OF LIGHT ;
Dark shadows on the river dwell,
Till lost the faintest trace of light.

III.

The bending willow's dewy head
Still hangs expectant o'er the stream,
Hoping the slow-paced hours may lead
Once more the orb with golden beam.

IV.

Thus shall the splendid orb return,
Which thy life's night so long illum'd ;
Again its glorious ray shall burn,
And all its lustre be resum'd.

A C T III.

A I R.—MRS. ESTEN.

I.

YOU think to talk of this and that,
And keep me here in filly chat——
But I know—I know better :
There clearly lies, kind sir, your way ;
Pursue it then, I humbly pray,
And me you 'll make your debtor :

II.

Why, bless my stars, 'tis very odd,
That here upon this harmless sod
I cannot stay in quiet !
But now you know so clear my mind,
Mayhap you 'll leave me here behind,
The path seems wide—pray try it.

A I R.

AIR.—MR. INCLEDON. °

Omitted in representation.

I.

Thus heavy dews oppress the rose,
When first the morning zephyr blows;
Thus hangs the lily's graceful head,
Whilst crystals glitter o'er its bed—
Thus hangs the lily's graceful head,

II.

But when the sun's delighting ray
Calls forth the ardors of the day,
The rose shakes off its transient tear,
The lily smiles to feel him near—
The rose shakes off its transient tear.

DUET.

D U E T.—MR. INCLEDON, MRS. MARTYR.

I.

Give me (you) a female soft and kind,
Whose joy 'twould be to please me (ye) :
The beauties of her *precious* mind
Will neither charm nor tease me (ye).

II.

The dimpled cheek, the sparkling eye,
To me (you) are wit and sound sense,
And better worth a lover's sigh
Than stores of mental nonsense.

III.

The touch of honied, velvet lips
Is reason and bright science ;
And he, who at that fountain sips,
May scorn the Nine's alliance.

A C T IV.

A I R.—MR. FAUCETT.

I.

A Pretty gemman once I saw—
The neighbours said he studied law.
When full of grief,
In 's hand a brief,
A poor man came—
Good fir, he cried,
Plead on my side !
The Lawyer, careless, answer'd—No.

II.

A rich gown'd Parson would you ask
To do a *charitable* task
For Tom and Sue,
A couple true,
Who'd fain be tied ;
With eye elate
And strut of state
The Parson surly answers—No.

III.

Should lab'ring, honest, low-fed Dick,
In spite of starving, very sick,
To Doctor send,
By some kind friend,
To beg advice ;
He straight will see
No hope of fee,
And ten to one he answers—No.

IV.

A Senator you ask'd to vote—
The dear red book he knows by rote :
His country's good
He understood
You had in view.
But shou'd he find
No place design'd,
His bow polite, you know, means—No.

V.

To a young Beauty would you kneel,
And talk of all the pangs you feel ?
With eye askance
She 'll steal a glance,
And blushing sigh ;

But

(15)

But shou'd you press
Her power to blefs,
She 'll whisper forth a trembling—No.

CHORUS.—MRS. MATTOCKS, MRS. MARTYR,
SLAVES, &c.

Come away, come away,
Companions so gay !
Come away, come away,
Companions so gay, &c.

Glee for three voices.

This is freedom's precious hour,
Welcome, airy sportive Mirth !
We 'll enjoy thee while we 've power ;
Give to all thy whimsys birth !
Let the cross ones burst with spite,
We 'll ne'er heed their shrugs or frowns ;
Vary every sweet delight,
Whilst blithe joy our labour crowns.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
Companions so gay, &c.

F I N I S.

(2)

But should you find
It is not to be
The will of the people is the law

Editor, The Massachusetts
Gazette, Boston

Come away, come away
Come away, come away
Come away, come away

Welcome, and I am glad to hear
That you enjoy the time we have spent
Give to all the world
I am the only one who
The world is full of
The world is full of
The world is full of

Editor

Yours truly